

# SETTLED OUT OF COURT

## Compromise in the Honolulu Case.

### MUST BE APPROVED BY WASHINGTON

Last of Pearl Harbor Condemnation Suits Settled and Work May Begin.

A COMPROMISE has been effected in the last of the Pearl Harbor suits, and if approved by the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Merry may take formal possession of the Naval Station lands and begin the actual work of construction.

The compromise is in the case of the Honolulu Plantation Company, in which there have already been two trials, and in which there is now pending before Judge Estee a motion for a new hearing.

The terms of the compromise which has been submitted to the Navy Department are kept secret, and the only information given out here is that it was acceptable to all parties.

The first trial of the case of the United States vs. Honolulu Plantation Company resulted in a verdict for the defendant of \$105,000. This judgment was set aside by Judge Estee, upon the refusal of the company to accept a cut to \$75,000, and a new trial was granted.

On the second trial the jury brought in a verdict for defendant in the sum of \$103,523, which is but little less than the first verdict. The motion for a new trial on the part of the United States was filed Thursday, though the agreement between the parties had been reached several days before, and even then was on its way to Washington for the approval of the Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Dunne said yesterday that negotiations had been pending for some time and the compromise was satisfactory to all parties. He stated that he was not at liberty to give out any information, but that the compromise was acceptable to the government.

Judge Sullivan was likewise non-committal, simply stating that the Honolulu Plantation Company was satisfied with the terms of the compromise. He added also that there would be no change in the extent of the land taken by the United States for the Naval Station, and would not say whether or not the amount agreed upon was between \$75,000 and \$105,000.

Unless there is some other element involved in the compromise it can be set down for certain that the amount as finally agreed upon exceeds \$75,000, which is the amount Judge Estee offered to fix and which was refused by Manager Low. It is also quite certain

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## PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WEEK



## WHAT PAUL NEUMANN DID IN SOUTH AFRICAN WAR



Paul Neumann as a member of the British Field Medical Corps in South Africa.

YOUNG PAUL NEUMANN of Honolulu, who served as a member of the British Hospital Corps in South Africa during the first part of the Boer war, has been highly honored by the British government. For distinguished conduct on the battlefield he was awarded a silver medal, suitably engraved, and which is now in the possession of Mrs. Neumann, having been sent to her address by mistake. The young man upon his return to England from the war was unable to continue his medical studies owing to the ravages which camp fever made upon him, and he is at present in New York, where he is engaged in newspaper work. The story of his experiences in the British army is graphically told in the following interesting account which he recently sent to the Advertiser:

When the disheartening news of defeat after defeat of the British army operating in South Africa reached us in Edinburgh, excitement reached the fever point. We, particularly of the University volunteer medical staff, enthusiastic embryo physicians and surgeons, every one of whom had had three years' training in the field hospital and other army work, were boiling under the delay of the government to call out the volunteers. It was, finally, on January 18, 1900, that the orders were issued by Surgeon General Wilson calling for 2,000 medical volunteers. Our corps responded to a man, but only seventeen were selected at the beginning, and after being duly sworn in, my declaring myself under age, having caused some amusement, we were drafted to Aldershot.

What a send-off it was! The whole university, 4,000 healthy pairs of lungs were vying with the townspeople, prominent among whom were our sorrowing creditors, raising the first batch of Edinburgh volunteers, and it was with difficulty and some danger to limb and head that we finally reached our car. I, for one, was handed over the heads of about 200 lusty medics, and had no sooner reached the car than I was seized, stood up and ordered to make a farewell speech. "Come on Paul," "Buck up for Honolulu," "England and America forever," were the yells which greeted me. "Quote Bret Harte," yelled one enthusiast; "Tell us a war joke," screamed a freshman in my ear.

Amid all the din it was absolutely impossible to get a word in edgewise, so we picked up an American and an English flag, tied them together on a pole and hung them out. The storm of cheering was deafening, and did not subside for some time. Then some one struck up "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and the inferno commenced again. Bagpipes, horns, drums, rattles—every instrument of torture devised since the time of Adam was brought into use. So loud was the din that it could be heard two miles away. Whisky flasks, pipes, tobacco, in short, every soldier's comfort, were flung to us.

Finally our dear old sergeant major came up to the car, and handing us each a pipe, said a few words of farewell. "Now, you fellows, we're proud of you; see that you do us credit. Steal everything of the army service corps you can lay hands on if you see you can do good by it. Shake hands all round." The old veteran actually had tears in his eyes when those 4,000 lives he had joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "Better Loved Yet" never be said ye no cam back again. There were few of us who hadn't a

lump as big as a dumbbell somewhere in our necks.

One herculean medic was hoisted on the heads of his brother Irishmen and addressed the crowd. "Boys, ye see before ye a credit to the country and the Anglo-Saxon race, and sixteen of the luckiest devils in the country. We who were not so fortunate will follow in due course, but in the meantime, me bucks, we'll just drink the blith of the said sixteen and show them that we appreciate them as Edinburgh medics. Three cheers and Edinburgh alma mater ones, too, for our friends, the Linseed Lancers." The cheers had scarcely died out when the whistle blew and the train began to glide out amid the strains of the "Soldiers of the Queen," and as we entered the Carlton tunnel we could still see the immense crowd waving banners, sticks, hats, or anything they could lay hands on.

In due time we reached Aldershot, headquarters of nearly every English regiment. We were fitted out with khaki tourists, boots, socks, putties and everything else necessary to the soldier going out on a campaign. Ten days' hard drilling, stretcher bearing and field hospital practice, and we were paraded for sailing orders. The commanding officer made a short speech, and we marched to Woolwich. Here we were quartered in none too healthy huts, relics of the Crimean days, and here first we learned soldiers' life as it is in peace times.

The work we had to do was unique. I, for one, was told off to wash the windows of the quartermaster's parlor. I flatly refused. "Then, I'll jug you for mutiny," was the calm reply. I saw no alternative, and in a surly temper did the job as badly as possible. The quartermaster's wife watched me with an amused smile. "I do declare, you're a volunteer," she said. "Yes, madam, but not of the pioneer window cleaners." She gave me sixpence when I had finished. I looked at the coin and then at her; then I laughed. "I couldn't help myself, I yelled. She gazed at me in profound astonishment, then offered me a whisky and soda, which I declined with thanks, and having given the youngster the sixpence, I retired.

Next day I applied for duty in the cookhouse, and made complaint to the colonel that I was ordered to do work unbecoming a soldier. He laughed. He was afterwards court-martialed; but more anon.

My application for leave to see my sisters in London was flatly refused, so I took French leave, and of course was caught. The officer was a fellow student, just qualified. "I understand you were refused leave," he said. "I understood the same," I replied. "What are you doing here, then?" "The same thing as you, yourself." "And that is?" "Looking for the nearest bar." We adjourned and I introduced my friend to every American tempter under the sun. He was a testator, too, by inclination, but royal fizz proved too much for him. "Thash all ri," he said when I had him in his cab. "Don't let anything worry you 'tall, I'm old friend; Charing Cross Hotel, caddy." And to such mean wiles we had to descend to save ourselves.

Two days before sailing we attended service at St. Bartholomews, and afterwards an immense dinner was given us at the headquarters of the London volunteer medical staff corps, where we were reinforced by twenty more medics and sixty laymen V. M. S. C. men. We marched down to Cannon street station, accompanied by 700 volunteers, whose services were required in England, and the bands of the London V. M. S. C. Our Edinburgh send-off was a great one, but faded into absolute insignificance before the great-hearted Londoners' farewell. The mob was enormous, even the 1,000 police who marched at our side could not keep them away from us. By the time we reached the station the mob had assumed such immense proportions that we were utterly blocked. At length, with the aid of the police we reached the station yard. Here, the public was not admitted, and while we were paraded to hear our last orders on English soil, the people cheered incessantly.

I have since heard the din of a battle, and the fearful row that a thousand or two of niggers can raise, but never in my life have I heard such a volume of sound as that for which that

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